UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

"Choose Ye This Day"

By Rev. ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

David Bispham

By JAMES WALDO FAWCETT

Will the Women Save Us From War?

By ROLAND D. SAWYER

VOLUME LXXXVIII NUMBER 6

Chicago, October 20, 1921

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

$3.00 PER ANNUM.

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices

EDITORS
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE
Pamphlet Mission
FOR
FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER
IN
RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:
Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin Ll. Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Frances L. Roberts, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. Sunderland, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
Geo. W. Cooke, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS
Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Charles W. Casson
George Willis Cooke
Percy M. Dawson
Frank C. Doan
Charles F. Dole
James Waldo Fawcett
Zona Gale
Emil G. Hirsch
Chester Lloyd Jones
David Starr Jordan
George Grover Mills
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
Albert R. Vail
Arthur L. Weatherly
James H. West

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILL.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

Sample Copies of UNITY Sent Upon Request

DREXEL State Bank

Cottage Grove Ave. *and* Oakwood Blvd.

Thirty-two years of conservative banking, combined with service and courtesy for every depositor —large or small—is the record of this bank . . . . . .

Your savings and checking account cordially invited

Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars

Contents:

EDITORIAL—
Notes.—J. H. H. 83
"Choose Ye This Day."—Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly . . . 85

THE PULPIT—
"If the Sermon on the Mount Were Preached Today."—Rev. H. J. Adlard 87

CONTRIBUTED—
David Bispham.—James Waldo Fawcett 87
Romain Rolland's "Clerambault."—John Haynes Holmes. 88
Will the Women Save Us from War?—Roland D. Sawyer 92
The Woman Minister.—Rev. Eleanor Elizabeth Gordon. 92

CORRESPONDENCE—
Paris.—H. L. S. 93

THE STUDY TABLE—
The Love of Books.—Frederick Starr 93

A BOOK A WEEK—
Mary Badollett Powell Memorial.—James Waldo Fawcett 94

POETRY—
The Soliloquy of an Old Revolutionist.—Brent Dow Allinson 83
Twilight.—Lily O. Wilson 87

THE FIELD—
The Community Church of New York 95

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1921 NUMBER 6

THE SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD REVOLUTIONIST.*

What shall they say of me when I am dead,
Crushed, prostrate, blown among the dust of earth—
Less than a dream dissolved, a rhythm fled,
What shall they say who tread with fearless mirth
Earth's fairer ways, and I am vanishèd? . . .
Saint, hero, sage? Ambitious fool forlorn?
It little counts—they too must join the dead
And leave their names to honor or to scorn.

Yet Truth will sometime speak 'gainst armor'd foes
And speaking say my courage once unsheathed
For her a sword, say I disdained the past
But gloried in the future as in a rose,
Yearned under summer's moon-drench'd leaves and breathed
Life's rich melodious glamor to the last!

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

UNITY is again called upon to mourn the passing of one of its most ardent friends and faithful workers —Susan M. Quackenbush, of the board of Editorial Contributors! Mrs. Quackenbush's connection with UNITY began in Jenkin Lloyd Jones's day, and was prompted by her reverence and love of this great man. With his passing, she set herself resolutely to the task of sustaining the paper during the period of transition; and from that time to the day in early summer when she was stricken, labored mightily for the cause. Mrs. Quackenbush was a woman of quick understanding and ready sympathy. Her spirit was as free as her mind was open and alert. She was in touch with the most progressive thought in many fields, and gave support to everything that promised "more life and fuller" to mankind. Our readers will remember her signed editorials, and especially her frequent and very able book reviews. Those of us who knew her in person mourn a charming woman and devoted friend.

Readers of this paper must have noted with gladness the advertised announcement that Mr. Neilson's remarkable articles on the causes of the Great War, which have been running serially in these pages during recent months under the title, "Duty to Civilization," have been gathered together into pamphlet form by the Unity Publishing Company, for general sale and distribution. We call the attention of those who have not heard the news to the advertisement of this pamphlet which appears elsewhere in this issue. In Mr. Neilson's absence from America, and of course without his knowledge, we here set down our opinion that no paper in this country has offered to the public more valuable or important material than this contained in these articles on what led to the international collapse of 1914. The author here does on a small scale, and on a particular subject, what he did with such consummate mastery in his famous book, "How Diplomats Make War." We hope that our readers will do their part in seeing that copies of this pamphlet are distributed where they will do the most good.

When we wrote our recent editorial on "The Disarmament Conference and Its Members," and went so far as to name the men and women whom we would have placed about the council board at Washington, we felt sure that we were making trouble for ourselves. We have not been disappointed; our specifications have brought us the usual queries and protests. Most of the criticism has been directed at what is called our failure to live up to our own ideals, and name only thorough-going pacifists for the Conference. But did we not distinctly state in our editorial that we were not following our own farthest and best inclinations? Did we not say, "We shall not give free rein to our full desires, and name the out-and-out pacifist groups who could be counted upon to work out an ideal program, but who could never in the world be expected to win appointment to an official body of this kind"? The whole purpose of our editorial was not to indulge our extremist desires and convictions in this matter, but to show what President Harding and Premier Lloyd-George might easily have done, had they wanted to appoint conferees who, while not politically impossible, could be trusted to handle this disarmament question with seriousness and determination. The four representatives of America, and those thus far suggested from England and France, are as a whole an insult to the intelligence and conscience of mankind. They are a guarantee that, unless a miracle takes place, or the threat of bankruptcy or revolution looms much darker than it does today, Washington will witness such a betrayal of human hopes as those which have made of Versailles and the Hague a memory by turns farcical and tragic. Such prospect was not necessary; if we made this clear, we are content.

President Angell of Yale has joined the great and ever-increasing procession of those who are saying respectably after the event what it was disreputable or disloyal to say while the event was on.

"Modern society," he declared in his recent address at New Haven, "has been for seven years undergoing the most tremendous indictment which it has ever sustained, and whether

*To Eugene V. Debs.

it is to survive in its previous form, is to be materially modified, or is to go the way of the civilizations of antiquity, is still uncertain."

Exactly this thing was said during the War by men who kept their sanity. These men pointed out that the War involved not merely Germany alone as the cause of all the trouble, but all the nations who made up the economic and diplomatic system of "modern society." These men also pointed out that the continuance of the War involved the possibility of universal disaster—that its end would be not victory but a shattered and perhaps permanently disrupted civilization. Both diagnosis and prophecy were absolutely sound. But were the men who made them, listened to? On the contrary, they were silenced, rebuked, denounced, derided, persecuted, imprisoned, in some cases killed. It was taken for granted that they were pro-Germans, who were seeking to ruin the Allied cause. Now we know that they were honest men, who were seeking to save mankind from death. It is too much to expect that any lesson will be learned from this experience; when "the next war" comes, the race will again avenge its madness on those who again insist on seeing and speaking truth. But UNITY proposes to do what it can to hold the balances even by losing no opportunity to justify out of the mouths of their persecutors those who have so greatly suffered.

A subscriber sends us the following clipping from the Denver *Bulletin* (September 10):

METHODISTS VOTE DOWN POLITICAL AMNESTY RESOLUTION.

The Colorado Methodist Episcopal conference which met in Denver on Labor Day voted down a resolution demanding amnesty for all war-time political prisoners. The vote was 59 to 46.

The resolution, introduced by Rev. Ezra M. Cox of the Epworth Methodist Episcopal church of Denver, asked President Harding to immediately release all political prisoners who were arrested in war-time as conscientious objectors or for voicing convictions against warfare.

The name of Eugene V. Debs was brought into the controversy by the Rev. G. S. Lackland of Denver who said that he would "like to see the color of the man's hair who thinks that Eugene V. Debs is really a criminal"!

This clipping was enclosed in a letter which read: "This is enough to make the angels weep. Thus speaks a dead church." We thank our friend for this news, and especially for the sentiments attached. The sentiments are ours also!

Is there any limit to what Oliver Wendell Holmes called "the height of the ridiculous"? We doubt if there is a limit to anything in this extraordinary world; but if there is, we venture to believe that it has been reached in the loudly-trumpeted crusade of the American Legion against the Ku Klux Klan. Between these two organizations, in spirit at least, there isn't even the proverbial difference between the pot and the kettle in the adage. Both seek to stir awe and win allegiance by using the sentimental and symbolical paraphernalia of flubdubbery, the one of patriotism and the other of secret rites. Both awaken frenzied loyalty by the cheap and cruel device of preaching hatred against certain chosen sections of the community. Both exist fundamentally for purposes of public exploitation, and have behind them a long record of violence and outrage. If the Legion has not yet been subjected to the ridicule and denunciation which have fallen upon the Klan, it is only because it has the protection of a noble tradition of war-service, is guided by an intelligence that knows how to avoid extreme crudities and indecencies, and has a social standing which can easily be translated into political influence. Think of this organization, however, joining in the war against Ku Kluxism! It surely is to laugh! And yet there may be a serious side to the business. What is spiritually ridiculous may be socially useful. If there is any truth in the old proverb about setting a thief to catch a thief, it may be that the Legion is the one thing which can kill off the Klan—and, vice versa, the Klan the Legion!

We get so much fun out of the free-and-easy way in which Bolshevism is charged these days with responsibility for every ill, that we cannot refrain, even at the risk of repetition, from sharing our amusement with our readers. Almost as funny as the tales of the Bolshevist pirates off the Atlantic coast, is the recent agitation in New York over the exhibition of impressionist and post-impressionist art at the Metropolitan Museum. Numerous paintings of these modern schools, many of them previously exhibited at the Brooklyn Museum, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Anderson and other galleries, were at the Metropolitan from May till September. They were naturally of a somewhat bizarre type, hardly understandable to persons unacquainted with modern artistic trends, and decidedly unpleasant to lovers of the classic schools. They were all, however, by painters of high standing, and represented an aspect of present-day art which cannot be ignored. In the closing days of the exhibition, a protest was publicly launched against this display of "degenerate modernistic work," *for which "Bolshevist propaganda" must be held "responsible"!* Nothing more delightful than this has been known since the days when Schubert's "Erlkönig" on the program of a song recital, or Wagner's "Tristan" at the opera house, were denounced as "pro-German propaganda." The fact that these paintings are all of them French, only adds to the exquisite perfection of this charge!

It is interesting news from Czechoslovakia that a bill providing that church buildings should be turned over to all denominations for their joint use, was defeated only after "a desperate parliamentary struggle" on the part of the Catholic senators. This bill, interpreted by the Catholics as an infamous attack

upon the church, was put forward by a Socialist, Dr. Krejci, and had much liberal and radical support. It undoubtedly represented anti-Catholic sentiment; but, on the other hand, must be taken as a real expression of that impatience of religious separatism which is now to be ranked among the prominent spiritual phenomena of modern times. There are the church buildings! Why should they be used exclusively by Catholics? Why should they not be at the disposal of all Christian groups? Why should not all these groups, indeed, come together and worship with one voice the one God who is the Father of them all? In connection with this event, is to be noted the so-called apostasy of the Roman priest, Father Pavlik, who is engaged in a great campaign for the unification of Catholics and Protestants. This movement is of course being strenuously opposed by the hierarchy, and the priest will sooner or later be unfrocked. The whole situation, however, is significant of a coming break-up of ecclesiastical organization which in Europe, as in America, is going to mean eventually the re-establishment of organized religion on lines very different from those of either Catholicism or Protesantism.

In his most recent volume, "The Book of Life," Upton Sinclair submits a list of thirty-two books which he asserts we all should read before we die. The list is as follows:

Mark Twain: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Charles D. Stewart: "The Fugitive Blacksmith." W. Clark Russell: "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." R. L. Stevenson: "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped." Jack London: "The Sea Wolf," "The Call of the Wild," "Martin Eden." Joseph Conrad: "Youth." H. G. Wells: "The War of the Worlds," "When the Sleeper Wakes," "The Sea Lady," "The Adventures of Mr. Polly," "The Food of the Gods," "The Island of Dr. Moreau." Upton Sinclair: "The Jungle," "King Coal," "Jimmie Higgins," "100 Per Cent." Theodore Dreiser: "Sister Carrie." George Moore: "Esther Waters." Frank Norris: "The Octopus." Brand Whitlock: "The Turn of the Balance." De Foe: "Robinson Crusoe." Fielding: "Tom Jones," "Jonathan Wild the Great." Thackeray: "The Adventures of Barry Lyndon." Marmaduke Pickthall: "The Adventures of Hadji Baba." Blasco Ibañez: "The Fruit of the Vine." Frank Harris: "Montes the Matador." Frederik van Eeden: "The Quest." Tolstoy: "Resurrection."

Of the thirty-two, we discover that we have read only ten. We suppose that we should be awfully ashamed; but we have to confess, in the face of great respect and most affectionate liking for Mr. Sinclair, that we think his list of prescribed novels is a most extraordinary one. "A Connecticut Yankee"—yes; but why not "Huckleberry Finn"? "Robinson Crusoe" and "Tom Jones"—again, yes; but why no book of Scott or Dickens, and why such a Thackeray as "Barry Lyndon"? Tolstoy's "Resurrection" could not be improved; but where is Dostoevsky's "Brothers Karamazof"? Why three books by Jack London, and none by Thomas Hardy; and why Blasco Ibañez in preference to Rolland, Nexö or Bojer? As for Mr. Sinclair's own books, he has a right to like them—we do, too; but has he a right to prefer so many of Wells's fantastic romances to his later sociological novels, such as "Tono-Bungay" or "The Research Magnificent"? But what right have we to speak, when we have read less than a third of the titles? Perhaps the chief value of this list is that it is a challenge to wider reading!

"Choose Ye This Day"

The last few years have witnessed a return on the part of large numbers of people in the Western world to crude and foolish superstitions. These have been revived and polished and offered to the world as a basis of life. Perhaps this revival of theories of life that belong to the age of savagery is an evidence that our civilization had only covered these up and had not really exterminated them.

Frazier in his "Golden Bough" suggests that our civilization is but a few island peaks in a great sea of civilization. If civilization is to be identified with social conduct that is founded on reason and experience we can agree. At least it is true that vast numbers of men have in all ages worshipped their evil gods more fervently and more zealously than their beneficent gods. A Maori once told a missionary that the important thing was to be protected from the bad gods. His theory was that the good gods would do him no harm.

Even in Christian countries we have not been free from the point of view of the Maori. We have been more concerned about Satan than about our relations to the Father-God. There are many people who have believed and who still do believe in what are supposed to be the attributes of Satan as the really serious and fundamental principles of life and conduct. They have said and do say that the world is ruled by force; that hate and revenge are the mighty forces that rule the destinies of mankind. Surely for these folk the Devil is in the saddle in grim earnest.

This is, on the other hand, a denial that love and goodwill are realities. In the minds of these worshippers of Force the Sermon on the Mount is but a bit of foolishness with which we need not be concerned except to see that it is not permitted to become the actual guide of life of any considerable body of people.

Today we are in the midst of real revival of this ancient faith in the gods of Hate and the gods of Fear. That faith which we thought a few years ago was slowly dying out of the world, which was in the minds of many a "lost cause," flames up in fierce and intense fires in every nook and corner of the world. The priests of this faith walk the earth as did their ancient progenitors with cruel faces and hard hands. They are masters for the moment at least of the situation. They stood behind the tables at Versailles and smiled with grim satisfaction. At last they were coming to their own. Mankind through

its spokesmen was throwing into the discard the promises of a new earth to the youth of this age. Peace and goodwill vanished as mist before the rising sun under the heat of the hate of the priests of Fear.

These same priests have stood by the Supreme Council and blessed during all these weary months all its acts based on revenge, suspicion, greed and passion for mastery. They have applauded as mankind proceeded in obedience to their teachings to arm itself with weapons of hate in order to more quickly exterminate itself. With the same callous indifference with which ancient members of their order watched countless thousand children "pass through the fire" to appease the gods of wrath they have gazed upon the "slaughter of the innocents."

More men under arms than ever in the history of the world; more money being spent for purposes of destruction; the great naval powers spending uncountable sums on battlefields; laboratories filled with eager students seeking with almost the insane fury of a great passion for new means of killing women and children;—all this preparation for the great debacle, the utter destruction of civilization is but evidence of the reality of the religion of Hate and Fear. For religion is as Carlyle said what we really live by.

The chief evidence of the great tidal wave of reaction is not to be found in the recrudescence of fantastic dreams of the millennium nor of the second coming of Jesus, or in the parliaments of the world dominated by men who seek first to save themselves but rather in the widespread dominance of fear and hate in the minds and hearts of men. The fact that a few thousands or even millions of men hungrily looking forward to the time when all evil shall be banished from the world, or hope that Jesus shall come once more upon earth and establish here his divine rule need not cause us much concern. Even if the forces of political and economic reaction seem for the time to be in command of parliaments and legislatures, we know that this fact in itself is not fatal to the welfare of mankind. This has happened before and will happen again. But the fact that hate and fear expressed in terms of brute force is the actual religion that dominates so large a part of the world today is a matter of concern. Hate and fear unnerve men, they rob men of their reason and judgment and corrode moral fibre. They destroy all the foundations of civilization and even the souls of men. Art, science, industry and philosophy can only survive in an atmosphere of goodwill. Hate is death to all that makes civilization possible. Fear condemns men to one long round of hopeless toil whose only end is insane despair.

Here in America this religion of the beast, of hate and fear, runs amuck throughout the land. It is like a huge giant trampling on all that many hold most sacred and most dear in our beloved country, the right of every man "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Fear and hatred of the colored man has become the obsession of many. It has undermined the moral sanctions of the right to life so far that in almost every large city serious minded men tell us that it would take only a match in the hands of a careless youth to start a conflagration. There are twelve millions of colored people in America. Consider what will inevitably happen if this hate and fear get out of hand and become the dominant motive for action. It is true that the colored man will suffer and suffer terribly but America will suffer infinitely more.

Then that awful curse which has afflicted the Old World for centuries has been transplanted to the New World—hatred of the Jew. There are only about three millions of Jewish people in this country. But added to the colored people they make fifteen million that are recipients of hate. So surely as love breeds love so hate breeds hate and the hating of fifteen million means that these will inevitably hate in return.

In this country "where hate dies," as the poet sings, we have added to this already staggering burden that curse which sinks deeper in the souls of men than any other—religious hatred. Priests of the order of hate and fear are fanning the flames of the fires of religious bigotry. They accuse their neighbors and fellow citizens of the most diabolical plots against their own country. Well may Satan chuckle at the spectacle. Twenty millions of Catholics added to fifteen millions already objects of hatred make a splendid Devil's cauldron. If this thing goes on we will have America divided into opposing camps each hating the other with increasing zeal. The result will not be America but hell and it will not last over night.

Of course it cannot go on. It must not go on. There are in America ten thousand times "seven thousand who have bowed the knee to Baal." In every land there are great souls that rise about the clouds. There are here as elsewhere men and women who have not been caught in the snares of the ancient religion of the devil whose shibboleth is "Hate and fear rule the world." Now is not the time for discouragement. Now is the time to carry on. The great glory of Childe Rolland lies in the fact that he *did arrive* at the Dark Tower.

What though "a thousand evil faces jibe and jeer" this is no time for retreat or discouragement on the part of those who know that life can only endure and civilization go on in terms of love and goodwill. This is the time for every lover of mankind to gird up his loins in grim determination to cling with unfaltering faith to the religion of light and hope.

No one who loves his country and loves mankind can lay today another burden on the back of mankind. The race is carrying a terrific load of hate. It is the feather that breaks the camel's back. Who, if

he sees the consequences, can lay even one feather-weight of hate to this now almost intolerable load?

The struggle is on between utterly irreconcilable ideas of religion. Again is the challenge as it has been again and again in the history of the race, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve!" The choice is between the God of Hate and the God of Love.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

David Bispham

On Sunday, October 2, David Bispham, the singer, died in a hospital in New York City. When I heard the news I thought of all the thousands of men and women who would be grieved as I was that he had passed away and glad that they had been among those moved to sympathy by his songs. I suppose it is only just that a man's life and character should be estimated in the end according to the number of people that mourn him. David Bispham left a multitude of friends; his art had won for him the high esteem of countless persons. His last hours should have been gladdened by the thought that he had been understood and appreciated; his was a fortunate life, in this sense, and his success was well merited.

I remember David Bispham at the height of his career. The occasion was a meeting in 1915 arranged by the Woman's Peace Party to welcome home Miss Jane Addams, who was returning from the international conference at the Hague. The place was Carnegie Hall in New York. It was one of the peace meetings that represented sane thinking in a mad season. I sat that evening at the press table, just below the platform's edge. Miss Addams stood directly behind me when she spoke; she made a stirring address. But it was not Miss Addams's eloquence that remained in my memory; it was a song which Mr. Bispham sang. It was new to me then, that song; I know it better now. None of the newspaper reporters at our table had heard it before. One of them wrote a note and passed it to Mr. Bispham, asking the author's name and the exact title; I have that little scrap of paper still, initialed "D. B." The song was "The Five Souls," by W. N. Ewer, and the air was an adaptation of a phrase from Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony." The words that thrilled me were:

> I gave my life for freedom, that I know;
> For those who bade me fight had told me so.

I suppose everybody knows them now.

It is comforting to think that phonographic records of the best of Mr. Bispham's work are available, and that his voice, so clear, so rich, so warm in tone, will be his monument through the years.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

TWILIGHT.

> Splendid orange paling into saffron,
> To faint at last in higher heaven's blue—
> Breathless hush on all the clear-cut landscape,
> Deep overhead a twinkling star or two.
>
> A voice, clear carried through the silent air—
> Soft lowing of the pastured, grazing herd—
> Creaking of a wind mill, hardly turning,
> The good-night carol of a homing bird.
>
> Weird 'gainst the waning moon a circling hawk,
> Shows black, and then is lost in heaven's dome.—
> Through the mists that rise from lowland meadows,
> Gleam suddenly the welcome lights of home.

LILY O. WILSON.

THE PULPIT

"If the Sermon on the Mount Were Preached Today"

A sermon preached by Rev. H. J. Adlard, at the Unitarian Church, Duluth, Minn.

During the war I read in the *Atlantic Monthly* a thrilling story which told how a brave British sea captain in the merchant marine carried a load of that deadly explosive known as T. N. T. from London to Genoa, encountering most fearful risks, dangers and hairbreadth escapes all the way. About that time, I was re-reading very carefully the Sermon on the Mount.

"Here," I said to myself, "we have millions of NT, i.e., New Testaments, afloat in the world, each one of them containing enough spiritual, moral and social explosive to blow up all our cherished individual and social buttresses of life. We keep this innocent looking little book in our home; on our pulpits, kiss it in our courts of law, use it, God only knows, in what other strange ways, yet nothing happens."

Yet it is a great day in a man's life when he really faces the issues of the Sermon on the Mount. Its origin matters little; the place where we find it matters less. It really matters little who first delivered it, though surely if Jesus ever lived and said anything at all consistent with His general character, this is the kind of thing He would say.

The reason why I mention these things is: I want to disarm, at the outset, all silly, irrelevant criticism—both higher and lower—I want the Sermon on the Mount to stand on its own feet, for they are big enough and strong enough without any artificial props of our making.

TOLSTOY'S MILESTONES

My whole life has been spent in and around religious people and church activity, orthodox and liberal, yet I recall few if any sermons on this great sermon. Of many excellent church-going people I recall very few who have taken it seriously, or been disturbed by the withering condemnation of society as implied by it. And so it was until I read Tolstoy and his "Five Milestones," "I say unto you." I saw that great truth-seeking soul brought up with a jolt by this great manifesto of Jesus.

I have assumed in my title, and I want to re-affirm the assumption, that this Sermon on the Mount is not, and never has been, a common hunting ground for sermon subjects. It has not provided the theme of conference discussions; it has not been the subject of controversy twixt rival sects or councils. Yet what Jesus said here; what He taught and laid down is a myriad times more important than what He was.

Who knows what He was? Who knows what anybody is? The deity or non-deity of Jesus belongs to another realm; to me it is only of secondary importance. When this age-long battledoor and shuttlecock warfare concerning His deity is agreeably settled or forgotten, the world may then give serious heed to His masterpiece utterance.

But as yet, strange as it may seem, casually straying into the majority of "Christian" churches you would scarcely associate the general tenor of the utterances with what is proclaimed in the Sermon on the Mount. In all, it contains some 111 verses, the force

and potency of which few people can really have considered. There they lie unestimated, unexamined, most certainly unapplied.

It is passing strange too that those who believe in a verbally inspired Bible have never stressed this part of it where it points to the highest realm of conduct, to an approximately perfect society.

This I will say with assurance, that if a tenth of the brain power which for 1,500 years of church history has been applied to the theological disquisitions of Paul had been directed towards amplifying, emphasizing, insisting on the Sermon on the Mount, we should not be stting in a war-raped world today.

What Would Happen?

Suppose, for a change, every church begins to preach the Sermon on the Mount 52 Sundays per year, what would happen? There would be trouble. There would be strange doings. The complacently slothful in the churches would possibly rouse out of their torper with a gleam of anger in their eyes, saying, "What does this agitator mean?" The fairly alert would say, "This looks ominous and drastic." The conservative, "This is stark revolution, impossible, the end of all things."

What would happen to the man who preached it? Suppose it were verily Jesus? Answering this phase of the question somewhat negatively, we may be sure of this: that Jesus would not receive the same treatment as America's leading syndicate revivalist, who is often met by big crowds, greeted by the mayor and big business men, conveyed in an auto; escorted by the police and bands midst plaudits, "starred" in several columns of the daily paper.

More likely it is that if Jesus came re-preaching and applying his gospel he would be told in 24 hours to make that city void of his presence, or remain as a guest of the state prison. "Away with such a fellow, he is not fit to live."

I am not suggesting that Jesus would, of necessity, attach himself to any radical group supposedly dangerous to the state, to *status quo*, or special privilege. His lofty commands and spiritual invective would be inflammatory enough without any such tag. With Jesus the religious factor loomed much larger than in most of our purely economic or industrial reforms, although it has a direct, revolutionary bearing on these matters which no man possibly can escape.

"Christianity" a Mush

This may, of course, be mere conjecture; but my original question still remains, and I for one, am unable to dodge it, or to fence with it. A thing cannot be true and its opposite also be true. Christianity, as it is preached today—with many noble exceptions—is a mush. It is a confused blend of truth and falsehood, of accidental and essential Christianity and paganism, and alas! the accidental has nearly swallowed up the essential. If the sermon is true—by that I mean a pragmatic test—it will get better results. If it is true then society today is false, founded on a social lie, an ethical falsehood, and it never can work. And when you get a lie as the corner stone of your social fabric, there is going to be a tremendous hubbub if any one brings a crow bar of truth and dislodges the foundation thereof. Such would be the effect if the Sermon on the Mount were really preached and applied.

To be very practical, did the great war come of the Sermon on the Mount or not? Did any war? Will the Sermon on the Mount foster, encourage the idea of war, militarism, imperialism? Is there a single iniquity of the present social system which has its birth in the Sermon on the Mount?

We have to make the present world as impossible as the Sermon on the Mount is sometimes thought to be. More might be said; but I finish with an oft-told tale concerning Thomas Carlyle. It is veined with his grim humor.

A fine lady once said to him, "Oh! if our Lord came to earth again how glad we should be to welcome him to our homes and listen to his beautiful words!"

The Chelsea sage replied: "Madam, I have no doubt that if He came properly dressed and taught palatable doctrines I should receive from you an invitation card: 'To meet our Saviour.' But if He came with His old-time carelessness or repute and declaring His divine principles, you would be among the first to say 'Away with Him, let Him be hanged at Newgate.'"

And the servant is not greater than his Lord.

CONTRIBUTED

Romain Rolland's "Clerambault"

I.

Romain Rolland has at last spoken! That message which many of us knew that he was keeping in his heart during the madness of the war, when sane men could not make themselves heard—that inexorable reading of the cause and character of the war, which we knew would come from this great Frenchman as surely as a scientist's report from his laboratory—that great benediction upon mankind of pity for the consequences of the war, which we knew would be pronounced by him in words not unworthy of the Nazarene in whose spirit he has lived and taught and in due turn himself been crucified—these have now appeared in this new novel, recently translated, called "Clerambault"!

Not that Rolland was silent during the war! This was no more possible than that Jesus should have been silent when he found himself face to face with the scribes and Pharisees, or Tolstoy when he saw the Czar drive his people into the futile slaughter of the conflict against Japan. In the early months of the war came those remarkable letters and papers gathered together and published under the title "Above the Battle," all attuned to that declaration which of itself would guarantee immortality to the man who wrote it, "A great nation assailed by war has not only its frontiers to protect: it must also protect its good sense." Later, and at intervals till the end of the monstrous struggle, appeared other articles sounding the same heroic note, and hailing those in other lands who were similarly speaking peace unto the nations at such bitter cost. These have long since been republished in France, in a volume entitled "*Precursuers,*" which for some unaccountable reason has not yet been translated and published in English. Romain Rolland, like every true prophet, proclaimed his message not merely when it was safe and easy to do so, but most of all when it meant denunciation, hatred, exile and the imminent possibility of assassination—and therefore when it was most needed!

Nor has Rolland been silent since the war! Who that has read it can forget his satirical cosmic drama, "Liluli," published in the early part of 1920? This

terrific parody on a civilization which produces war as the finest flower of its life, a work which irresistibly revives the memory of the Swifts and Voltaires of the heroic age of satire, was plainly written in the spirit of the old maxim, "We laugh that we may not weep." Just as "Colas Breugnon, Burgundian," came as an inevitable reaction after the long years of exhausting labor on "Jean Christophe," so "Liluli" was set down as a means of escape from that agony of the war which was so bound to kill if not released. In the lashing scorn of this great allegory, its pitiless exposure of the weaknesses and sins of the society which we have so proudly builded, its mocking laughter at our most dearly cherished emotions, institutions and ideals, Rolland "lets himself go," so to speak. There is something terrifying about the hot fury of this book—and something beautiful as well! For like acid, it sears and burns and consumes only that it may purify!

But the greater Rolland was yet to be heard from—the man of pity, of unquenchable goodwill, of unfaltering idealism, of universal love of humankind. Now he speaks, as we have said, in "Clerambault"! What this greatest of the European intellectuals, who almost alone among his kind "was not unfaithful to the heavenly vision," brooded in the depths of his soul during all those years of senseless and futile bloodshed, is here given to the world. What in "Liluli" was sheer clarity of vision, penetrating like a surgeon's knife straight to the source of world corruption, is here supplemented by, or rather transfigured into, an understanding and compassion of the profoundest type. "Clerambault" is a work of insight, but also of healing. The philosopher here takes the place of the satirist, the poet of the jester. Even in the inadequate translation, which all too often serves rather to conceal than to reveal the original text, the book reads like one of the major prophets of the Old Testament, or the revelation of John on Patmos. This is "what the spirit saith," and to the end of time will say, about the Great War of 1914-1918. It is the first utterance of that final judgment of mankind upon the events of these awful years. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

II.

To every hero worshipper, and in particular to every disciple of Romain Rolland, "Clerambault" must first of all be precious as a revelation of the soul of its great author. Rolland makes plain in the foreword, "to the reader" that the book "is in no sense an autobiography." . . . "Some day," he says, "I may wish to write of myself, and I will then speak without any disguise or feigned name." The story, as he tells it, bears out this statement. Clerambault, the hero of the tale, is, like Rolland, a literary man of national standing in France at the outbreak of the war, and, like Rolland again, he is a pacifist during the war. But with these two not unimportant points, the resemblance ends. Clerambault at the beginning of the conflict was an ardent patriot, in the narrower sense of the word, which Rolland never was. It needs his son's disillusionment and death in the trenches, and the resulting search of his own soul, to bring him to pacifism. Then come his days of bitter persecution. His wife misunderstands him. His adored daughter turns from him. His old colleagues revile him. He lives in the heart of a vast hurricane of hate, but moves always serene and self-assured amid the storm. At last, when the final German onslaught in 1918 threatened to overwhelm France and her allies, he is shot by a fanatic. "'I have killed the Adversary, the Enemy,'" cries the assassin. "A faint smile hovered on Clerambault's lips. . . . 'My poor friend,' he thought, 'it is within yourself that the enemy lies'—his eyes closed, centuries seemed to pass. . . . *'There are no enemies'* . . . and Clerambault entered into the peace of the worlds to come."

The real drama of the story, however, is within. "It is true that I have lent some ideas to my hero," confesses the author. It is also true that he has lent to him his soul. Rolland is an infinitely greater figure in the world than he represents Clerambault to have been, but the inner reality of being is the same in the two men. Therefore is this book rightly to be taken as a spiritual record of Romain Rolland in war time. Here do we see not Clerambault, the hero of fiction, but Rolland, the hero of the real war, who, in the most cataclysmic age of history, when all other men, as though possessed of demons, lost alike their reason, their conscience and their humane affections, preserved his soul intact. Almost alone among the intellectuals of Europe, he stood fast by the ideals of civilization and culture. When the priests of the church were dumb, or worse, become mere medicine-men or howling dervishes, he proclaimed steadfastly religion's laws of brotherhood and peace. "He became," says Lucien Price in *The Nation* (August 24), "the custodian of the European conscience. When everybody else cast it out, he took it in. He did not compromise. He did not flinch." Single-handed he saved the soul of Europe, and therewith of mankind. "A time will come," says Price again, "when men will marvel that any brain could have been so clear as to write this book between the years 1916 and 1920 . . . a chronicle of sanity in a lunatic age." When men have recovered from the gross madness of these evil days, they will return to Romain Rolland for rebuke and comfort and enlightenment, as, for nineteen hundred years, men have returned to Christ. And seeking him, they will find him, in part at least, in "Clerambault."

III.

Apart from its personal aspects, this book is important as a record of the mental processes of the war. "This book is not written about the war," says Rolland in his Introduction. He has to admit, however, that "the shadow of the war lies over it." We would rather put it that the book is bathed in the atmosphere of the war. Here is a picture, drawn with marvelous acuteness and vigor, of the passions, prejudices, vain imaginings, paralyzing fears, consuming hates, that swept men's minds throughout the entire period of the titanic struggle in arms. Beginning with that frightful upheaval of the mob mind, so like the throwing up of monsters from the unfathomed deeps of the sea, which convulsed the European populace in the autumn of 1914, the book takes us along as by the unrolling of a moving picture reel, through all those stages of psychic degeneration which at last left the average man a mere crazed barbarian. The wild hatred of the enemy, the furious exaltation of national glory and honor, the savage delight in uniforms and flags and medals, the lust for revenge and punishment, the hungry feeding on tales of horror and destruction, the raging thirst for the blood of non-conformists, the cruel cowardice and self-stultification of intellectuals, the deliberate dishonesty of governments, the lies of propaganda, the disillusion-

ments and mad renewals of self-pity and self-deceit —all are in the pages of this book. We know of no emotion of the ignorant or selfish soul, no crime of government, no lunacy of nationalism, no agony of the betrayed and slaughtered people, in war time, which is not here presented. As Dante moved through the inferno, so Rolland moves through the war-mind; and shows us, now in disgust and now in pity, its vile atrocities.

How clearly he sees that when "war had begun, truth was imprisoned"! How he mocks the attempt to present the war as "a holy cause. . . . a War against War, War for Peace, for eternal Peace. . . . There is nothing that the brain cannot attain to. When its master thinks it absolutely necessary to get rid for a time of principles which are in its way, it finds in these same principles the exception which violates them while confirming the rule"! With what pitiless clarity he reveals the mechanism of the doctrine that "the enemy alone had wanted war, was the sole enemy of peace, and that to make war on the enemy was really to wish for peace, . . . there was proof enough and to spare; there always is; all that is needed is to know when to open and shut your eyes"! How remorselessly he sets forth the essential futility of war; "each nation desires the end of wars through its own triumph, and from one such victory to another humanity will go down to its defeat"! How he ridicules those "parlor pacifists covered with official decorations and grand cordons of international orders, for whom peace is a gilt-edged investment in quiet times"! He knows the infamy of "the older men who stayed behind" while forcing the young men to the trenches; "their brains were given to them to be used not for truth but for victory." He understands thoroughly the character of "the press, the arch-liar, bought and told what to say by those whose interest it is to hoodwink the public, and thus (pouring) into the open mouth of the world its poisonous liquor"; and the function of official propaganda, which is to provide men with "their thoughts like their provisions, only more, only more cheaply"! As for the church, whose "death-like submission" to the state was at once the supreme tragedy and crime of the war, he does not hide its guilt. "Christians of today," he says with righteous irony, "more generous than their Master, render all to Cæsar; a cause seems sacred to them from the moment that they are asked to immolate themselves to it. To the ignominy of war they piously kindle the flame of their faith, and throw their bodies on the altar." And again, "When the Apostle saw his Lord in chains, he was afraid and denied Him; but he was not brought so low as to offer his services as executioner."

Two aberrations of war psychology are set forth with peculiar impressiveness in this volume. The one is the refusal of people, under the influence of war, to accept the truth about the war when it is presented, to rid themselves of illusions when these illusions are exposed. Why is it that the public persisted in believing that the war against Germany was a holy war, a war for the highest ideals of brotherhood and peace, when its ignoble and imperialistic character, on the side of the Allies exactly as on the side of the Teutons, was made clearly manifest? Why is it that today, three years after the armistice, when secret treaties, diplomatic documents and reports, personal confessions, and above all the Versailles Peace, have brought fully to the light of day the rottenness of the Allied cause, the public still clings to the idea that the struggle was just and beautiful? We know today, if we know anything, that, as Francis Hackett puts it in *The New Republic* (August 24), "ten million men died for the great illusion"; or, as Rolland puts it in "Clerambault," "we know the criminal futility of these deaths (in the war), and the sterility of all this heroism." But the people will not admit it, will never admit it in this generation! Why? The reason is not far to seek—at least for a seer like Rolland. "How unfortunate is Man," he writes; "he is the prey of his own ideas, has given up everything to them, and finds that each day he must continue to give more, lest the gulf open under his feet and he be swallowed up in it. After four years of unheard of pain and ruin, can we possibly admit that it was all for nothing? That not only our victory will be more ruinous still, but that we ought not to have expected anything else; that the war was absurd, and we, self-deceivers? Never! we would rather die to the last man." And again, "Let no one try to shake their faith in the necessity of these sacrifices, or doubt that the cause was sacred for which their dear ones died."

The second aberration exposed in this book is that of patriotism. Of true patriotism, that love of country which identifies itself with "the great community of mankind," Romain Rolland is as sensitive as anybody. But of that familiar patriotism which makes a country "an enclosure, a pit full of beasts, trenches, barriers, prison-bars," and every citizen "an anonymous instrument of assassination," he will have nothing. "What have we to do with the ambitions and rivalries, covetousness and ills of the mind, which (men) dignify with the name of patriotism? . . . The idea of country, as thus conceived, is "barbarous"; it is an "old idol . . . a fetish, grim, envious, blood-bespattered. . . . Am I a savage of Homer's time that I should believe that the sorrow of my dead son will be appeased, and his craving for light satisfied, if I sprinkle the earth which covers him with the blood of other men's sons? . . . No, each new murder kills my son again, and heaps the heavy mud of crime over his grave. . . . Patriotism, sold to the rich, to those who traffic in the blood of souls and of nations! . . . The hour is coming when the peoples will shake off the vermin, the gods and masters by whom they have been deceived. They will drive out the guilty from among them." Then will come that "true Country of the Father (which), belongs to all, and embraces every one." Never in our time, and seldom in any time, have been written nobler words than these which Rolland attaches to the pen of his hero, Clerambault, in his imaginary articles "Forgive Us, Ye Dead," "To Her Whom We Have Loved," ending in the exalted climax of prophetic utterance, "What have I to do with your nations? Can you expect me to love or hate a nation? It is men that I love or hate, and in all nations you will find the noble, the base, and the ordinary man. . . . If there is one man who is dear to me in a whole nation, that prevents me from condemning it. . . . I belong to life as a whole; I have brothers in every nation, enemy or ally. . . . The families of our souls are scattered throughout the world. Let us reunite them! Our task is to undo these chaotic nations, and in their place to bind together more harmonious groups."

IV.

Not yet, however, have we touched on the real *motif* of this immortal work. This is indicated on the title page where "Clerambault" is described as "a story of an independent spirit during the war." It is definitely stated in the Introduction, where the author writes:

> My theme is that the individual soul has been swallowed up and submerged in the soul of the multitude, and in my opinion such an event is of greater importance to the future of the race than the passing supremacy of one nation. . . . No matter what causes may be assigned as the origin of the war, no matter what theses support them, nothing in the world can excuse the abdication of individual judgment before general opinion.

"Clerambault" is thus primarily a protest against tyranny from whatever source, for whatever purpose, and an appeal for the freedom of the single soul to think its own thought and live its own life. It is the gospel of non-conformity preached again, in the political and the economic as formerly in the ecclesiastical field, with matchless eloquence and power. Rolland refuses to recognize the infallible authority of social institutions, the state as little as the church. "Humanity demands," he says, "that those who love her should oppose, or if necessary rebel against her." Tyranny always kills the best and fosters the worst influences among men. "The crucifixion of Jesus," he points out, "was no accident; He had to be put to death. He would be executed today, for a great evangelist is a revolutionary, and the most radical of all." No high ends justify tyranny, not even democracy and the ultimate freedom of mankind. The dictatorship of the proletariat is as bad as the dictatorship of a Czar. Alas, that those who seek in revolution "to make the world happy in their way," begin by decreeing "the suppression of all liberties in opposition to theirs"! "'This is all very well,' said Clerambault, referring to the dictatorship of the proletariat, 'but at this rate there will be the new proletariat; tyranny will merely change places.'" An end never justifies a wicked means; "on the contrary, means are even more important to real progress than the end. . . . What end? Will there be such a thing?"

What the world must have, if it is to survive, is "the eternal insurrectionists, the conscientious objectors to tyranny from high or low, to that of today or tomorrow." Rolland therefore lifts his prophetic voice in such a call for the free soul, for "liberty of conscience above all liberties," as mankind has not heard since Milton's day. There are sentences in this book which are destined, we believe, to be remembered and spoken as long as men endure upon the earth. Thus:

> Every man worthy of the name should learn to stand alone, and do his own thinking, even in conflict with the whole world.

Again:

> We are liable to err, but . . . an honest mistake is not a lie, but a stage on the road to truth. The real lie is to fear the truth and try to stifle it. Even if you were a thousand times right, if you resort to force to crush a sincere mistake, you commit the most odious crime against reason itself. If reason is persecutor, and error persecuted, I am for the victim, for error has rights as well as truth.

And again, referring to the revolutionary eagerness of our day to use tyranny in the service of so-called liberty:

> If we must choose, tyranny for tyranny, I prefer that which held the bodies of Æsop and Epictetus in slavery but left their minds free, to that which promises only material liberty and enslaves the soul.

These are great words—sorely needed in the confusions and corruptions of our times. On the one hand, we are working out today a new interpretation of democracy in terms not of freedom but of fellowship. This is a sound development of thought and life, for true democracy is not attained until free men have solved the problem of association in the common life. Freedom, to be worth anything, must be not merely enjoyed but *used* in the service of communal ideals. But in seeking fellowship too ardently, are we not in danger of killing freedom? In laying hold on fellowship at any cost, even that of individual liberty, are we not thereby establishing a coercive grouping of the common life which is not democracy at all, but tyranny? For it is the very essence of true fellowship that it shall be voluntary and therefore free. On the other hand, is the deliberate attempt today to work out a technique or "science" of revolution, based upon the idea of the usurpation of all power by a minority disciplined to obedience? By what magic are we bewitched that we do not recognize and fear what Rolland well calls "the plague of obedience" in the revolutionist as well as the autocrat? That is no revolution which sacrifices liberty to force. No regime is worth maintaining, as no nation is worth defending, which can survive only by appeal to violence. The free soul, after all, is the talisman which tells us gold from dross. Romain Rolland recalls us to the service of ideals all too easily sacrificed by those who seek the best as well as by those who seek the worst for humankind, when he declares that "independent minds are what the world needs most today."

V.

To read "Clerambault" is to find comfort and inspiration and renewed conviction. It is to be reminded that a great soul is living on the earth, and God therefore "not dead that he should speak no more." It is discouraging, however, to think how few of those who most need this book, will read it. Some will be enticed unwittingly to its pages, perhaps, because it is advertised as a novel, but there will not be many. If we believed in compulsion under any circumstances, and had the power to compel, we would make "Clerambault" prescribed reading for a host of ministers, editors, teachers, literary men and common folk. They would then be forced to measure their stature against this spiritual giant, and see what crawling pigmies of the soul they are. They would be obliged to look the Great War in the face, and see what a vile thing it was. Above all, they would be reminded of the race's priceless heritage of freedom, and its betrayal at their hands.

But if the present can bring us little, we may find reassurance and a goodly hope in contemplation of the future. For "Clerambault" is an immortal work. When "the tumult and the shouting" of these mad days have died, when the great mass of books, pamphlets and newspapers, which have poisoned the mind of this generation, have been buried as fetid matter which must not be allowed longer to pollute the air, this book, and others like it, will endure. And our children and our children's children will read it, and they will understand and know! Therefore "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give to you the Kingdom."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The World Tomorrow.

Will the Women Save Us From War?

Let us not delude ourselves, the men will never stop war. If war is to be stopped, if big armaments are to be checked, it is the women, working with a minority of men, who must do it. It is men who rule the business world. Men are the commercial giants who profit by war. They think in terms of profit and loss. And as Anatole France says, "These groups of men can always find other men who long for the license and adventure of war." It is to the women we must look for the successful campaign against future wars. And here the cause is hopeful. Women are fresh on the political field; they are suffering from the horrors of war; their leaders have already spoken in definite terms. It was in the midst of preparation for war that brave Clara Clemens, the daughter of Mark Twain, voiced her hatred of war, called it the "last stage of savagery," and gave to the public that terribly cutting "War Prayer" of her father. A prayer wherein the clergyman in one breath prays for torture of the nation's enemies, and in the next speaks of himself as "humble, contrite," and follower "of the spirit of Love."

It was Helen Keller, in the days following our declaration for war, who boldly took a stand against entering the conflict, and so sanely said:

> The making of guns means more guns; and more guns mean more war; and war is an institution which makes man a brute and God a monster.

The Roumanian prima donna, coming here in 1917, after seeing three years of war in Europe, appealed to her sisters in America to support peace at any price, and declared that nothing was so bad as war.

Women have the courage to resist the appeal for armaments and battles. Women follow intuition more largely than men, they know things, as Tolstoy said, *"With the whole being,"* hence they are not easily misled by false arguments. The world's hope in salvation from another war, hence her hope of saving civilization, depends upon the women of all lands. That wonderful woman, Olive Schreiner, in her great book, "Woman and Labor," challenged her sisters worldwide to see that women carry war's burdens, and women must say that "war shall not be." I quote from her words:

> In supplying men for the carnage of the battlefield, women have not merely lost actually more blood, and gone through more acute suffering and anguish, in the months of bearing and in the final agony of child-birth, than has been experienced by the men who cover the battle-field; but in the months of rearing children they go through a strain which no knapsacked soldier on his longest march ever knows. And even in the matter of death, the chances that the woman will die in child-birth are as great as those that the man will die in battle. We women must declare that the baby mouths drawing life at mother's breast shall not be that they may lie with glazed eyeballs and swollen faces, and fixed, blue, unclosed mouths on the battle-field. It must not be that acres of land be manured with human flesh which we bear. We women cry out in inexorable cause, THIS MUST NOT BE.

The Definite Concrete Thing for Every Woman To Do.

First. Every woman should, as an individual, and through any organization to which she may belong—club, church or whatever it may be—write her congressman and senators of her state, urging support of real disarmament as favored by Borah and LaFollette. (I have served eight terms in a legislature and I know first-hand how quickly responsive a representative is to a real appeal from "back home.")

Second. Every woman should work for a constitutional change in the federal constitution, taking away the power to declare war from every authority save the people themselves. There is one woman in the federal congress, a sprinkling in state bodies—women have no voice unless the matter comes before all the voters.

Roland D. Sawyer.

The Woman Minister

I was challenged recently to explain why in a certain denomination there is not half the number of ordained women ministers that there were fifteen years ago. In the discussion following it was suggested that the number of men in the ministry was also less and that possibly the waning power of the church made less attractive to young women the ministerial office. This solution was scornfully rejected by a pessimistic young woman present who observed that if the office of minister had grown less attractive, it would be an additional reason for women being welcome to it.

An attempt to answer this question reveals a condition of things that I fear many women refuse to see—that the so-called "woman movement" has just begun. Entirely too many women, and men, too, who believe in real democracy, lay the flattering unction to their souls that the battle is won. On the other hand, as I read the signs of the times, only one important outpost has been won.

A great many men and women never took the struggle for political equality seriously. "Oh, yes," said a member of a state legislature to me once, "I will support your suffrage resolution. It will amuse the women and make no difference to the men."

Now, these same men and some women are rubbing their eyes and saying, "Look here, these women are serious. They mean business—they are talking of office holding. They want to know what goes on behind the closed doors of the city or state boss. They have the vote, but see to it that they get nothing else."

This attitude of resistance, conscious or unconscious, is seen in all that concerns the common relations of men and women in society. In other words, the conviction that this is a man's world and that man is to decide woman's place in it is still a part of the mental furnishings of most men and too many women.

One result of this conviction is that men do not wish to enter into a relationship with women where there may be a hint of competition or any suggestion of comparison of talent, efficiency or success. In the professional world, despite the petty jealousies and rivalries, there is among those of like calling a certain spirit of *camaraderie*. This spirit has never been generous enough in any profession to include women on terms of equality with men. Philanthropy, if we may call it a profession, is a possible exception. It is the lack of this spirit of fellowship that prevents many earnest young women from considering the ministry as they plan their future work. And because those who have the good of religion at heart and are trying against fearful odds to interest young men in the church and its problems, know that these same young men will refuse to enter upon any work where they are brought into direct professional fellowship with women, they do not urge upon women the task of leadership.

If I were asked then to put into two sentences the reasons for the absence of women from the pulpit I would say:

First. The women of the congregation as a rule prefer a man in that position; and, second, whatever loyalty and prestige the woman minister may win in her own parish she is sure to meet in the larger fellowship of conference or association a certain chilling reserve.

The only explanation I have ever heard given for my first reason is that progressive women are fast losing interest in the church. For the second reason, the explanation has already been given. If it is true that an edict from the Most High gave to men alone the commission of religious teacher and inspirer of things ethical and spiritual, then of course no woman has a right to offer her word. But as some of us have never seen a copy of such an edict, we still refuse to believe it was ever sent.

ELEANOR ELIZABETH GORDON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Paris

Evening, September 15.

Dear UNITY:

Fairyland from our balcony! The illumination of the stately Place de la Concorde vying in beauty with the clear white moonlight and, over all, the tossing shadows of the trees! We wonder when Paris is more beautiful—now, in its almost unreal grandeur, or in the glorious sunshine of day. Here the nymph June has stolen in September's place. The chestnut trees are here and there in bloom in the Bois—new foliage shows in the trees, and we are revelling in the delight of strawberries and raspberries.

Yesterday, on our walk through the Bois, we espied a white bird hopping happily about unconscious of its oddity. We approached quite close and discovered that it was a white sparrow.

Here, under these conditions, we can forget—for a little while—the horrors of the war, and the consequences of the peace but, when we walk the streets, forgetfulness is impossible—on all sides are reminders. Today a bright-faced man, in French hospital soldier's uniform, held out his cap to us. When we looked down and saw two stumps—all that was left of what were feet—how happy we were to give!

Had we any bitterness in our hearts (which, thank God, we haven't) we need only talk with the French and English who have been in the thick of it, to realize how unjust it is! Our waiter, an Englishman who had been at the front since 1914 said, "I like the Germans. They're a great people. They're plucky. They had all the world against them and now they are turning out better articles than we can make in England. Why, I get nearly all the articles for my little store, which the wife tends, from Germany. But, of course, I don't tell that to everybody." And today I inquired at the bank what marks were worth. "Poor marks," the teller replied, and then quoted about one hundred and twenty to the dollar.

Why is it that the stay-at-homes try to perpetuate hatred while those who fought hardest and suffered most are so fair minded?

Days and nights like these must fill our minds with kindlier thougths!

H. L. S.

In history it is better to continue than to commence again.—*Taine.*

THE STUDY TABLE

The Love of Books

An excellently written, well-connected argument, is Miss Pound's "Poetic Origins and the Ballad."* The author is Professor of English in the University of Nebraska. Her book is a polemic, in which she attacks the commonly accepted theory that poetry, and especially the ballad, originates in the communal dance. The theory, given definite form by Gummere, has been accepted without demur by a host of subsequent writers upon the ballad, until it has become a commonplace. Nevertheless, our author attacks it fearlessly. To show that she is not attacking a man of straw of her own creation, she quotes a number of authors who have maintained that view. Her argument holds

> that poetry and song are not necessarily connected with dancing, that the individual artist appears among primitive people even in connection with communal festivals, that the poetry composed by a crowd never really gets anywhere without individual artistry, that the English and Scotch ballads in most cases never were the products of the dance and offer no support to the general theory, for they were distinctly works of art.

A large part of the book appeared as articles in various magazines, but a few of the discussions are new. The style is attractive and the book is highly interesting. The author makes a strong case for her views. The ballad is a distinct poetic form, far from the song-accompaniment-dance expression of really primitive folk. We believe that she somewhat underestimates the importance of this expression in lower culture; that she really makes her point as regards the ballad, we readily admit.

Newton's "Amenities"† has had a great success. The first printing appeared in August, 1918, and two years later the "third large edition" was off the press. Fifteen thousand copies of a book that is neither fiction nor a text-book is so unusual as to call for comment. It is an interesting, familiar, chatty book of confessions. Just why it is "amenities" is not clear. It consists of essays that have appeared from time to time in the *Atlantic Monthly*—all of them dealing with books and authors, collectors and dealers, libraries and book shops, first editions and association books. Many of us who are too poor to buy books such as Newton considers books, will read him just the same and with as much delight as if we had our pockets stuffed with cash, which we were pining to unload upon Bernard Quaritch or Bertram Dobell. Newton is not omnivorous. There are entire lines of books that are or have been the objects of the collector's madness, that he deliberately eschews. He does not collect Aldines or Elzevirs, nor all the editions of Alciatus, nor is he especially fond of elegant bindings, nor does he care for extra-illustrated books. His taste runs to first editions in the original bindings, presented by their author to some friend more or less known in the field of letters, with a delicate or suggestive autographic dedication. His range is on the whole within the run of standard authors, *recognized* collectors' favorites. Thus anything connected with the Lambs, Sam Johnson, Boswell, Oscar Wilde, if associative enough, is fish for his net. And, of course, once within "a circle," he will exhaust him-

*"Poetic Origins and the Ballad." Louise Pound. New York: 1921. The Macmillan Co. 16mo, pp. x, 247. Price, $2.50.

†"The Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections." A. Edward Newton. Boston: 1920. The Atlantic Monthly Press. 16mo, pp. xxi, 373. Price, $3.50.

self—and if his good-natured grumblings are true, his pocketbook—in making his gatherings within the circle complete. His Dickens collection is superb. He loves Boswell more than Johnson and no one will read him without loving the great biographer more than before. And he loves Hester Lynch—the Mrs. Thrale, the Mrs. Piozzi—who just now perhaps enjoys greater vogue than ever before. At present it requires no bravery to speak a good word of Oscar Wilde, and Newton admits him to his list of friends, though with a discretion that will save him in case a turn comes in the course of criticism. But there is not space at our command to follow Newton in his pleasant meanderings. His enthusiasm, call it insanity if you like (and of course you should), is delightful and alluring. He gives us much real information, information which we may not easily find elsewhere. The book is amply, beautifully, and appropriately illustrated with portraits, autographs and cuts. And one feels when he has finished Newton, that he not only joys in the possession of his treasures, in the sight of them in his library, in the handling of them as he shows them to the select few who can appreciate them, but also in the reading of them. And that is something that cannot be said of all collectors.

George Steele Seymour's little book** is charming. Seymour loves books and autographs as much as Newton, but exhibits a more independent and vulgar affection. Newton could not tolerate the autobiography of P. T. Barnum, nor would he admire George Hamlin Fitch. All of his delights are among the approved and recognized of the exacting world of book-collectors. Seymour finds an equal delight in many a man unknown and outside of recognized circles and groups. His interest in autographs began when he was a page in the United States Senate of the Fifty-fifth Congress, and he still cherishes the autographs of that illustrious body. He has collected ever since and has been wide in his interests, though discriminating in their exercise. He loves to insert autographic and illustrative material in his books. He tells us how and why he has secured some autographic treasures and describes a few of his "ecritomes," as he calls them. He is content to occupy a modest field, quite outside of that occupied by Mr. Newton, to whom he often refers in terms of affectionate admiration. He has no intention of competing with him for the expensive, unique, first-edition, association books of the select circle of English authors, but he is bound to get his full share of personal delight and satisfaction in books that interest him, because of authorship, or content, or personality. The book is printed by the Bookfellows, an organization due to Mr. Seymour and his wife, who are Bookfellows Number One and Number Two respectively. The organization has taken hold and, we believe, now numbers some 1,400 members. It prints books and brochures "for members only" and aims to produce beautiful and dainty work.

A little book of thoughts on books and reading is Willis' "Bibliophily."‡ It should not be read at a sitting, despite its smallness. It contains many good thoughts, original and collected. Those of one part do not always agree with those of another; thus at times omnivorous reading seems to be commended; at others, reprobated. The author's attitude and style are exemplified in the date upon the title-page, for we assume that he, and not the publishers, is responsible for MDCCCCXXI. His compound words, half-italicized, are a mannerism that is displeasing to the eye, but clearly convey his intent. His italicizing of words is extreme but it makes us *hear* his voice as we see his words. *Business*-scales, *soul*-life, *life*-long, *heart*-incantation, *soul*-education are examples of the one; "We must read *much*, but not *many* books; the soul must not be a *vessel*, but a *vat*" illustrates the other.

FREDERICK STARR.

**"Adventures with Books and Autographs." George Steele Seymour. Chicago: 1920. The Bookfellows. 16mo, pp. 81. Price, $1.75.

‡"Bibliophily or Booklore." James F. Willis. New York and Boston: MDCCCCXXI. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Small 16mo, pp. 83. Price, $1.00.

A Book a Week

Mary Badollet Powell Memorial

THE VALLEY OF SQUINTING WINDOWS. By Brinsley MacNamara. New York: Brentano's.

"The Valley of Squinting Windows" is one of the most terrible books I have ever read. It is an inexpressibly shocking study of an Irish Main Street, a chronicle of the mean lives and mean deeds of mean people. It is starkly pessimistic and even fatalistic; every good and beautiful thing about the village is contaminated and soiled by the filthy minds and leperous speech of the dreadful creatures who walk its roadways. I do not know of any more powerful preachment against the mischief of tongues than the human parable of this book. No wonder the author was mobbed and the volume publicly burned by the people who thought themselves represented in the story.

The action of the tale centers about John Brennan, the second son of Nan Brennan, the village seamstress. Mrs. Brennan was betrayed in her youth by one Henry Shannon, now dead, and had no knowledge of the fate of her first son, born out of wedlock. Shamed in the critical eyes of the village people, the choice target of their cruel gossip, she had dreamed a great dream, by the fulfillment of which she would be revenged. She purposed making her son John a priest; no one would dare to slander the mother of a priest, all the years of bitter hating would yield her respectability in the village and immortal honor in the world to come. John therefore was sent to a certain charity college in England and kept clear of the village curse during vacation periods; the boy never heard what the village historians said of his mother. The seasons passed, the dream prospered. Then came a summer when John, now full grown, returned to the village almost simultaneously with the return of Ulick Shannon, the honorable son of the dead libertine whose victim Mrs. Brennan had been. These two youths met and became inseparable companions, though Ulick was wild and "inclined to drink" and John quiet and "going on to be a priest." Then came Rebecca Kerr, from distant Donegal, to teach in the valley school. And as Mrs. Brennan had been betrayed by the father so was Rebecca betrayed by the son.

But all this is merely the material of the bonfire; the blaze is dreadful to see. Nowhere in modern literature, so far as I am able to say, is there a more terrible denouement. I have to think of this story in terms of Greek tragedy. Fate, relentless and murderous fate, is the power that moves the lives of the young people who are the victims of the merciless tongues of this Irish village. When the last page was read I felt that I had seen a tragedy sadder than "Hamlet."

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH OF NEW YORK

has announced its plans for the reconstruction of its buildings located on Park Avenue and 34th Street. This will be the fourth and largest enterprise of the kind undertaken in a period of less than one hundred years.

The first edifice was erected on the corner of Prince and Mercer Streets, and called the "Second Congregational Unitarian Church." Opened for its first meeting on December 1, 1826, it was dedicated five days later (December 6) at an imposing public service; Dr. William Ellery Channing preached his famous sermon on "Unitarian Christianity Most Favorable to Piety," and William Cullen Bryant, a member of the congregation, wrote his hymn, "Thou Whose Unmeasured Temple Stands." This building was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of Sunday, November 26, 1837.

The second church building was erected on Broadway at Waverly Place, and was dedicated May 3, 1839, as "The Church of the Messiah." This was glorified by the preaching of Dr. Orville G. Dewey, the greatest pulpit orator of his day. It was sold in 1864.

The third edifice, a church and chapel, was erected just after the Civil War, and dedicated on April 2, 1868. Here in 1879, Robert Collyer began his immortal New York ministry; and here from 1896 to 1906, Minot J. Savage stood as the leading liberal preacher of the world. The church auditorium was gutted by fire on September 11, 1919, with a loss of more than $150,000.

THE NEW BUILDINGS

authorized by unanimous vote of the Society on April 25, 1921, will consist of an auditorium for Sunday services and meetings, for church and public assemblies of all kinds; and a church house planned and equipped to the end of efficient administration, active church life, and the widest possible daily service of community needs. The architects are the well-known firm of Ludlow and Peabody.

(1) THE NEW AUDITORIUM

or church, will be constructed inside the walls of the old church, which were undamaged by fire, but in design and appearance will be an entirely new interior. The clear purpose of the Building Committee and architects has been to produce a place of assembly which shall meet the most exacting standards of beauty, provide the environment and atmosphere essential to religious worship, and at the same time present nothing inconsistent with its most general use for forum meetings, lectures, civic gatherings, concerts, recitals and dramatic performances.

The *pulpit* will be placed on a low platform 27 feet broad and 18 feet deep, set in a recess or rotunda built into the area of the present church house by removal of a portion of the north wall of the old church. This platform will be equipped with footlights, curtains, etc., as a *stage* for theatrical productions. The *organ* will be placed back of and above the platform, in especially constructed compartments.

The entrance *vestibule* will be enlarged and improved, and given ample space for the proper reception of strangers and friends.

The *main floor* will have a sloping floor, with curved rows of chairs seating 814 people, and additional space for 100 extra chairs. The new *gallery* which will involve removal of the former side galleries, and great extension of the old organ gallery, will have a seating capacity of 408. Provision will be made for the installation of a second gallery, reached by two short flights of stairs, which will seat 128 persons more. The total seating capacity (1450) will be an increase of 524 over the seating capacity of the old church (926).

The woodwork and decorations will be neutral in color, and simple in design. New and improved settings will be provided for the James H. Parker mosaic, "Let There Be Light," and the Robert Collyer Bas Relief. A special feature will be a series of entablatures for sayings of great prophets on freedom, truth, democracy and the coming golden age.

PACIFIST PLAYS

John Haynes Holmes says of the volume, *A Cry Out of the Dark, by Henry Bailey Stevens:* "These three little plays teach their lesson more impressively than reams of argument."

¶ "Uncommonly arresting," declares the Brooklyn *Eagle*. No hater of war can afford to miss these gripping dramas.

Bound in boards, **60 Cents**, postpaid.

H. B. STEVENS : Durham, N. H.

The Magazine With a Mission

LA FOLLETTE'S is the most fearless, hard-hitting periodical published in America. It prints from month to month articles dealing with transportation, co-operative production and marketing, taxation, profiteering, disarmament and other issues of vital interest to the great mass of men and women. These topics are discussed by Senator La Follette. He makes the truth stand out naked. No other publication has the reputation of speaking as plainly on these issues as LA FOLLETTE'S. Women voters need this magazine to keep posted.

LA FOLLETTE'S MAGAZINE

115 W. Main **Madison, Wis.**

DUTY TO CIVILIZATION

A Pamphlet answering many questions as to the causes of the Great War, written by FRANCIS NEILSON, author of "How Diplomats Make War," etc., Editor of THE FREEMAN and Associate Editor of UNITY.

This pamphlet will appeal to all those who believe the true history of the war and its causes is yet to be written, and that it is essential to the best development of our civilization.

Published by the

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

Price, 30 Cents **700 Oakwood Boulevard, CHICAGO**

Reprinted from UNITY

For Brinsley MacNamara, driven into exile for the writing of this book, I have only the most enthusiastic congratulation. To say that his work is favorably comparable with the work of Thomas Hardy is a true and most sincere compliment. Like Hardy he has the genius to picture character with uncanny accuracy and to show the human struggle in microcosm.

Is the book an attack on Ireland? Emphatically, it is not. It is an attack on Main Street, on mean living, on the mischievous tongues that wag endlessly in every community, large or small, everywhere. It is a fable, and the moral is a precious one: Thou shalt not bear false witness. Thou shalt not lie. Thou shalt not even repeat the truth with unkind intent. Thou shalt do unto others even better than thou wouldst that they shouldst do unto thee.

As men shivered under the inspired wrath of Savonarola, so men might in this our own time sit, chastened and ashamed, at the feet of this young novelist. I hope very much that everyone who reads these words will read, patiently and humbly, "The Valley of Squinting Windows." JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

728 E. 39th Street
Phone Douglas 244

WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM—DOMESTIC

COAL

TELEPHONE WABASH 5028

Main Office:
28 E. Jackson Blvd.
CHICAGO

Schumann & Company

Cleaners of

FANCY GOWNS AND KID GLOVES

Having winter garments cleaned before storing them will keep out moth

PHONE DREXEL 231
ALL DEPARTMENTS

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

The Blakely-Oswald Printing Co.

PRINTERS and BINDERS

Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk St., CHICAGO

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK

Subscribe for and read UNITY—
Do not miss a single number!

(2) THE NEW CHURCH HOUSE

will be a thoroughgoing reconstruction of the present building, consisting of a basement and three floors. The *small auditorium*, or *Assembly Hall*, is the one part of the design which is fixed. Its seating capacity is estimated at an increase of 77 over our present structure with provision for a further extension of 65 seats.

Other features include a large *kitchen* and a *serving room* on the same floor with the *Assembly Hall* giving convenient service for church dinners. For smaller gatherings a dumb-waiter will carry food to the *committee room* on the second floor.

On the first floor are placed the general *reception room*, a small *office* for the Treasurer's work, each of which may be used as a *committee room*, a convenient *dressing and wash room* for the speakers and the *balcony* of the auditorium.

On the second floor is a large *committee room* seating 60 people, suitable for meetings of the various church organizations not requiring the use of the Assembly Hall; here also small luncheons and dinners can be served. At the rear are the sexton's quarters.

On the third floor a complete suite of offices is provided for each resident minister consisting of a *waiting room, secretary's office* and *minister's own office*. In addition a *meeting room*, much larger than the present church parlor, is provided for meetings of the Board of Trustees, the Advisory Board and other committees, which can be divided by folding doors to make two good sized *committee rooms*.

In all, provision is made for five *committee rooms* in addition to the Assembly Hall. Ample *toilet* facilities are provided throughout and the space reserved for the organ will make possible the installation of the finest instrument that the church can afford.

Plans for this building are being based on the idea that it is to be primarily a headquarters for church and community activities, to be open every day and all day, with adequate staff, mechanical equipment, and working facilities. Further suggestions are invited by the Building Committee.

These buildings, when completed, are to be for all the people of the community. Nothing human is to be alien to them. In this spirit was it solemnly "resolved" by the congregation when construction was authorized, that "this edifice, when ready for use, (shall) be rededicated to that religion which is service of humanity; to our traditional freedom of speech; to hospitality to all men and women of the community, without regard to sect, class, nation or race; and to the usage, without fear or favor, of that spirit of communal love which shall some day bring in upon the earth the ideal society."

On November 1, the campaign for raising funds will commence; it will end on Thanksgiving Day (November 24). It is confidently expected that friends, not only in New York, but throughout the nation, who believe in this great institution of modern religion, will rally to the support of this enterprise. In order to carry forward the plans, $150,000 are needed in addition to the $53,000 in hand.

THOMAS STARR KING

PATRIOT AND PREACHER

By CHARLES W. WENDTE

The "Life and Letters" of this distinguished Unitarian hero who gave his life for the Union cause. Written by one who was personally acquainted with Starr King, and who was stirred by the eloquence of this great orator.

The State Legislature of California has recently voted to place a marble statue of Starr King in the National Hall of Fame in Washington as one of the two representative heroes of Californian History.

5 Illustrations. 8vo. 344 pages. $3.00 net. $3.25 by mail.

At All Booksellers, or from

THE BEACON PRESS 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

BOOKSHOP LOCATED AT 16 BEACON STREET